

To Sarah Seigh
With a brother's affectionate regards
London. Sept. 24 - 1815

Recollections of the Heart

It is in spots like these we prize
our memory - feel that she hath Eyes.

Widdowell

—
Groping that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
Are things indifferent —

Fields, where with cheerful spirits we have breathed
The common air; the hills which we so oft
Have climbed with vigorous steps; which have witnessed
So many incidents upon the mind;
Which like a book preserve the memory.

—
These forms of beauty have not been to me,
As is a landscape to a third man's eye:
But oft in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of towns and cities I have owed to them
In hours of evening, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration —

Wordsworth.

Invocation to Memory

Hail, Memory! who on the rapid wings
Of moments spreadst the many-coloured map
Of Time gone by - whose various events
Thou tracest by the Agency of Thought,
And individually aforgest to each
The promise of the feeling whence it springs!
Thou mind views some within Joy's sunny realms,
Like flowers upon the verdant lap of Spring.
But ah! our hearts die in us when we look
Upon the empty Kingdom of dark Grief;
What not a bird can open its soft lips
To breathe its fragrance; where no sun sheds light
- nor warmth: but sorrow withers all - and hangs
A brooding cloud, suspended in the air.
Hail, Memory, hail! To me thou bringest
Reflections garmented in thoughts of Love,
And springest on my bosom as her star
Things hushed happiness o'er Evening's heart.

Barley
June 5. 1815
My birth day

Inscriptions

For certain Rocks which are dedicated to
and named after the individuals of a very
dear circle of Friends -

I have written these Inscriptions in the order
in which the Rocks stand, beginning with Jannson's
at the extremity of the Cliff, and ending at the Rock
from whence we view the whole, and which we have
named "Union Rock", as applying to all of us -

I

Tamsine's Rock

1
 Your jutting rock, which crowns the arc
 Of rocks in this romantic vale,
 Whose mop-crowned, summit, smooth and dark,
 Receives, but not resists the gale,
 Which whispers soft as Love's tale,
 And leaves it with a mournful sigh,
 As if in sooth it did bewail
 Its fated flight into the sky:

2
 How calm the sea it overhangs!
 The very stirring of the air
 Moves free of storm-created pangs,
 As if some heavenly presence there

4
Had moved the maid with bosom fair,
The son-smiling maid of peace,
To check her snawy-plumaged pair
On this lone rock, and south the seas:

3

In this sweet vale a spirit breathes,
Though earthly, of celestial tone
Her heart, whose sterner virtue wreathes
With softer feelings, all her own:
I know her well — and ne'er have known
So pure a soul, so fair a form:
You jutting Rock, which stands alone,
The name of Janssieu charms from storm.

II Sarah's Rock

=

There is a rock of gracefulness,
 Would seem to shun the stranger's eye;
 But Heaven's ray shows its loveliness,
 And none can pass it heedlessly.
 So, Sarah, thou wouldst shun the light,
 And lead thy days of life retired,
 But that thy virtue's tender light
 Will call thee forth to be admired!
J. H. R.

=

To Sarah

And shall thy light strike music o'er
 A stranger-harp, yet sweetly fall
 Upon the lyre whose strings before
 Played to the beatings of my heart
 Affection's throbs so musical?
 It cannot be: indeed thou art
 Implanted in this faithful bosom,
 A floweret of enfading bloom,
 Until thy light and fragrance
 Awaken in Eternity!

O.

6
III
Mary's Rock

Yes! Mary, in thine eyes reflected,
I see thy hopes and fears are blending,
But Thou wilt never be neglected
By hearts where Virtue is respected:
You Rock of rock aspect, landing
From the leafy dell,
With more than force of words can tell
That Mary's not neglected.

That Rock, on whose superior brow
Deep Thought hath stamped his image now -
A Countenance, which, like its form,
A tower of strength, sublime, not rude,
Unmoved can stand against the storm
Upheld by its own fortitude,
Is Thine, Mary!

IV

My own Rock

That rude-shaped Rock, which beetles o'er the deep,
 Of visage stern, a countenance of pride,
 As if resolved the tempest to abide

In manly attitude, - the whelming sweep
 Of rushing waves that climb its rugged steep
 With scornful visage of angry stride:

'Tis idle all - the firm rock doth decide
 The billows breaking their wild hearts to creep.

This Rock is mine, unworthily is mine; most worthily
 My rude appearance is my only claim not true
 To grace upon its heart my obscure name;
 I brave the world; but Conscience only knows
 The stream of weakness that within me flows;
 This pride-strung heart is, frail - I thrive!

Peynolds's Rock

This rock we have entwined with ours
 The emblem of another friend
 He lives in Fancy's sweetest bowers
 And with our hearts his name we blend

V VI
Rice's Rock VII

The Rock, whose pale wan face doth faintly smile
With ivy faded to a sallow hue,
Seems to enjoy the scent,
And languish with delight.

It has an Autumn-tint, as of the Moon,
The lonely, lonely, and benignant soul,
That animates the Night
At joyous harvest-trice,

And fills her arched and yellow hair with plenty;
While her soft presence sailing o'er the Earth
Doth drink with her fair eyes
The scene's sweet silent calm:

And thus our friend, our amiable friend,
Than sickness touches to a softer frame
Of mind, and heart and soul,
Than even Nature made him,

Pours all his plenteousness of love around
In silent thrummings of delightfulness,
And so enjoys a life
Of inward approbation.

This Rock is his: Hae Murray shall sit,
And weave with the fond fingers of affection
His Acts of Kindliness,
And thus preserve his name.

VI
 Maria's Rock

Around this Rock the soft-leaved Ivy creeps,
 With fondness clings to its relenting breast,
 And, wet with dewy tears of Evening, weeps
 Because the Sun hath smelt into the nest:

While at its foot an Ivy-sapling stands,
 Like Innocence with unsuspicious gaze,
 And to the Sun by day spreads out its hands,
 Scarf of Storms, to dally with his rays.

So kindly feelings of Affection's heart
 Cling like the ivy to Maria's breast;
 And Sarah's tears, like dew of Evening start
 Into her eyes, and rob them of their rest.

But Resignation, like the plant beneath,
 E'er dar her bosom sheds a calm relief:
 This rock we will remember to our death,
 For Mary here shall sooth Maria's Grief.

VII
Union Rock

1

Here view the rocks that shade their thoughtful brows
 The fardling Ivy's smooth green traps beneath,
 The trees below that open wide their boughs,
 And each with each affectionately wreath,
 Above, the clear blue sky that seems to breathe
 Heaven's purest, sweetest air upon the scene,
 Here Beauty's cheek can never blanch with death;
 It is a spot where Hate hath never been,
 But o'er this lone retreat Love's fairer form doth lean.

2

This mazy Rock, on which, my friends, we tread,
 Is lasting as our friendship in its heart;
 Here Faith may rest securely in a bed,
 The strength of stone whose hardness hath no part; no no
 Its breast of boldness dares division's dart;
 Upon its front Defiance sits to mock
 The waves which curl with fury, and their art
 Its pinnacles baffles, nor even feels one shock -
 Here hands and hearts must join on this our
 Union Rock!

11
Inscriptions for Trees

VIII

An Inscription

For six Sweet-briars which were planted in the
front garden at Slade in the stead of some oak-
-saplings, which were destroyed, and like them planted
as commemorative of Friendship - on Thursday -
16th March 1815 -

The oak that braves not with the storm,
And to the wind dares not to yield,
Is dashed to ruin, while the fern

of modest meekness is the shield
Of the slender reed which waves with the wind,
And trembling shrinks the blast behind.

Although our saplings of the oak,
While slender as the reed their stem,
Might have withstood the blasts and shock,
The future storm might ruin them.

Not so these plants of cherry;
Their innocence will keep them free;
And the wind will pass o'er them shortly;

Even Winter with his hoary locks,
 Like Ice depending from the Rocks,
 Will pinion down the frosty air,
 Nor with his crisp foot trample there;
 The vernal breeze will softly breathe

O'er the leaves and branches of our brains,
 As it is wont to wake from death,

Or shroud the Aolian Muses;
 While fond Affection's sweetest tears
 Will water their new-budding years;
 And when Decay shall doom them to the Earth,
 In many's Soil refreshed shall spring their second birth.

IX

An Inscription

For a weeping ash, which was removed
from the back garden into the front garden at Stoke.

Yes! manifold, melancholy Tree,
Full well I do remember Thee!
Beneath thy branches low depending
The light and shade were softly blending,
When the leafy mantle Summer spread,
And sighs in Zephyrus down they lead -
Sighs conscious of the gloom below,
The dark, dark resting-place of woe!
Yes! manifold, melancholy Tree,
Full well I do remember Thee!

x To seek my bosom's bitterness,
To tell me to forgetfulness,
To thee I strayed!

Sweet pity bade thee bend thy steps
To shroud my tears of deep distress -
Of my broken-heartedness -
Within thy shade!

x Sunday Aug. 1 - 1814

Yes! mournful, melancholy Tree,
 Full well I do remember Thee!

Though now thy habitations changed
 Thou art not from thyself estranged;
 But still like him, whose broken glance -
 Broken by a falling tear -
 Shines dimly as in Sarum's dance -
 Like him thy mournful countenance
 Preserves Grief's character. -

And thus unchanged for ever be
 Thee now - songster of my soul -
 Ay - let Swift's rapid hand unroll
 The volume of Strenuous -
 Still, mournful, melancholy Tree,
 I ever shall remember Thee!

Farewell, farewell! O! lovely Tree!
 A long, too long farewell to Thee,
 Soft-hearted Child of Sympathy!
 The Sun looked brighter at thy birth,
 The clouds fell softer on the Earth,
 And Pity wept for joy at thy nativity!
 'Tis therefore clear the Shade thine't keeping
 I see the Sun weeping,

As in the Earth below were laid
 The loved remains of some one dead;
 Thou creepsst over nothing but thy shade!
 Yet ere I go, upon thy bark
 Thy name with those I love I'll mark
 That thou mayst long remember me,
 As I do Thee!

For thou art graced, O triumph! See!
 Upon my Heart of Memory!

X

An Inscription

For a Sapling - Ash in the Back-Garden
at Slade on which certain names are
carved -

1

'Tis gone! - No more this weeping eye
Can linger on the scene -

'Tis painted by my Mamma
In colours fresh and green;

Her pencil gives the picture breath,
It lives upon my heart - and Death

Shall blow his withering blast in vain,
It cannot die - it cannot fade -

No power can wrap its light in shade -

The scene returns in flashes on my brain.

2

Oh! how my recollection thrills

To that celestial night, &

Now - how come my imaginings

Make melancholy light,

=

X Saty Night 25 March 1815.

Remembrance clears the shades away,
They fly before affection's ray -

The heavy heart is soothed awhile;
A veil is flung o'er Sorrow's throne,
The veil of hushed oblivion,
That some may look with an unclouded smile

3

Bright Beauty walked the heavens' hazy night;

Luc's lamp of silver sheen
Weaved with the stars her pale clear light;

The moon above did lean,
And looked with more than tenderest,
The very self of gentleness!

As if her beams, shed o'er the world,
Were the effusion of her soul,
And it was her delight to roll,
And gave its light which from herself was
purled.

4

That night now stars the storm of life,

And smiles away its sorrow:

Oh! what more this dark road of strife —

This dreary dream of horror —

If memory did not bind her wreck

Round life's few hours of bliss, and breathe

The deathless discourse of the skies?

Oh! what more this short span of years,

But one continuous vale of tears,

Of sorrows tears without her sympathies?

5

This young and tender sapling tree,

Which spreads its little hands

To Heaven as if imploringly,

Is bound by memory's bands.

The hand, which carved upon its rind

Two humble names, remembrance binds

Her warm heart held them in regard;

A heart of finer purity
Ne'er melted to Humanity:
For Her Esteem and love are poor reward!

6

My meeker hand, to keep this light
In sweet remembrance ever,
The lovely Lib's name did write:

Oh! Time shall ne'er, ne'er -
Erase it from my memory,
Though Age may sweep away the Tree;
And Time, Maria, is engrained
Much deeper on thy brother's mind
Than on the Jordan Appling's mind:
These names from death and sin shall be saved!

7

Then let our tears and blessings flow
On this devoted Tree -
Oh! had it but a soul to know
This blessing, memory!

To strike one leaf, stem, step not forth;
 But desolate thy native path,

If thou must pass destruction's breath!
 Befriend this Tree with thy fair light,
 Oh gentle shade! for this dear light!
 A sweeter follows not a good man's death!

XI

The Vale of Memory

I love this vale: and every rock
 Forms a fresh green leaf in Memory's book.
 The spot of my nativity
 Was never half so dear to me
 As these dark rocks, like Neptune's locks,
 Hanging above the silent sea,
 Each little wave now seems to crave,
 Lifting its head imploringly,
 Protection from their ample shade,
 As their giant-arms are wide outspread.
 The winds, that sweep around their head
 In racing gusts and sobbing sighs,
 Drop down into their ocean-bed
 In shudder-soothing melodies;
 Nor to their sea-weed couches creep
 Without a hymn of gratitude;
 That breeze, which hardly stirs the deep,
 Flushing with dawning wing to sleep
 The murmuring surges of the flood,
 Is whispering to the caves, and tells
 The rocks' dark caves where Silence dwells
 Not Solitude.

And thus the winds, retired to rest
 In sighs of sorrow, yet one blast:
 And the night's deep stillness nothing breaks,
 But the day's remembered melody;
 Thus in my breast the night awakes
 The joys of this sweet vale to me,
 Stirred by the breeze of Memory.

I love this vale: and every Tree
 Is rooted in my memory.
 Here have I watched fair Evening's light
 With coy reluctance take her flight,
 Still lingering with her last rays o'er
 The fresh-flowered fields, the beaming scene,
 Arrayed in Nature's robe of green
 By Morning's laughing beams before,
 Whose breeze-winged feet have left a trace
 Of loveliness in every place:
 And now her light rebukes the eye,
 And clears the heart of Memory.

I love this vale: yet many a tear
 Hath fallen for Affection here:
 But can we feel one earthly joy
 Without a Sorrow's dark alloy?

Yet o'er Grief's billow hovering
 There ever is an angel's wing,
 That flings a light upon the wave,
 That fires the heart, and strives to save.
 Did not the same bright spirit move
 O'er Chaos deep - the all-creating Love?
 Though Man's fallen state is hampered around with care,
 'Tis not the deathly darkness of despair.
 In life the shade is ever mixed with light;
 The Eye of Day is closed awhile in night;
 The storm upon our gladdened spirit springs
 With heart all life - refreshed with dew for wings.
 Thus human happiness must set a little
 In sorrow's night that we may feel her smile,
 When she returns with dimples on her cheek,
 To give uson sweetest, words - nay thoughts, more weak.
 No more! Oh lovely Vale! for worlds of pain,
 I would not cease to think of thee again;
 And thoughts, the 'born of Grief, have power to borrow,
 In harmony's heart, a sweet delight from sorrow.
 Farewell thy flowers - delight of Mother's Eye -
 Thy rocky solitudes - thy clouded sky -
 Farewell! Thou happy, happy Vale of Memory!

XII

The Happy Valley

=

At Sunny Bay,
 Where the salt sea innocently breaks,
 And the sea-breeze as innocently breathes,
 On Devon's leapy shores.

Wardsworth

=

1

As at Sunset the eye loves to linger and rest
 On the rich golden light beaming soft in the west,
 Thus sweetly reposes the eye of my mind
 On the beams which the Sunset of life leaves behind.

2

One year of mixed pleasure and sorrow hath past,
 Illumined with sunshine, with clouds overcast,
 Since thy roses, Oh! vale of remembrances sweet!
 First were plucked by my fingers or pressed by my feet.

3

Yet as freshly thy roses now smile on my eye;
 As peaceful thy fields, as serene thy blue sky;
 Thy brooks run as merrily, and sparkle as clear,
 And as sweetly their melody melts in my ear.

4

The lights of each morning as bashfully peep
 On thy hills, while the waves of the sea lie asleep;
 • Solar luminescence, shrouded in her mantle of gray,
 Still sleep her in shadows and darkens the day.

5

All is peace and love here - all enlightened by love;
 Unruffled the air, save by wing of the dove;
 Here Nature & love are so closely entwined
 That the Valley seems curiously tender and kind.

July 21. 1815

Sonnets

XIII

Inscription for the Hermitage

Stranger! with cautious steps approach this place!
 In this small nook of this romantic dell,
 Far from the noisy world I lonely dwell;
 None but the foot of Silence treads this gap,
 Where wild flowers breathe in gentleness - Oh pass! -
 - Nay do not pass - but walk within my cell -
 I cannot bid a traveller farewell -
 Till he has been my guest - It were disgrace!
 The flints within are interlaid with moss;
 So have I softened down the Hermit's life:
 A dame bright Hospitality's my wife -
 With her, good soul, I cannot be unkind,
 As Hermits with their white locks hanging down
 Like cold bare frost, - their hearts as icy grown.

XIV

For the Seat in the Field

Here first, a stranger, from this shady height,
 Thick stands above the woody dell, I viewed
 The spreading trees, with interstems rude
 Of wild-bran and green Ivy: - Here my sight
 Rested with ~~some~~ silent rapture and delight
 Upon the mistudied charms of Nature: - yes!
 It was a mansion of calm blessedness,
 Which Flurry knows not, - still, as it was bright!
 This lovely seat is now a sacred spot, -
 Sacred to Friendship and Remembrance sweet;
 Affection's birth-place, - for it is my lot
 Not for itself to love this lone retreat,
 But for the friends, the dwellers of the Vale!
 Dear seat of best remembrances, - all-Hail!

20
XV

on the Ruin

Crowned with dark Ivy-leaves of floppy green,
 The Ruin lives again, - it starts from death; -
 It hath all ^{properties} ~~figure~~ of life - but breath;
 It moves not; - it rejoices it hath been;
 And loves the happy quiet of the scene
 Now spread around it; - and the past
 It shrinks not from, as from a cold bleak blast,
 But clings to it: - it mother doth not care
 With more unwillingness her child, than seem
 These walls' aversion to forget the time
 When a proud structure flourished in its prime
 Of strength and beauty. - Is it Seneca's dream
 Pandering with pleasantness upon deep Grief,
 Whose very keenness is, in sleep, Relief?

XVI

To the River Syd

Composed after having retired from a large Company.

=

With what delightful feelings of the heart,

Retired from Company's insipid folly,

Whose soul-less say gives birth to melancholy
Upon Reflection's mind - how glad I part
From cheerfulness constrained, and upward dart,

Like the brisk lark into the morning sky,

Into the day-light of my memory,

These Feelings' waves roll on - mixed by 'art.

As free they flow to my imagining,

Oh Syd! as thy dear waters murmuring,

Whom late along thy soft-green banks I stayed,
And banqueted my fancy: - Laughing Spring

At thy fair feet in mirthfulness had laid
Her violet and primrose carpeting! x

=

x Tuesday night 21 March 1815

XVII

To the same

Oh yes! - The picture lives upon my mind
 of that fair freshening breeze I hardly wandered
 Beside thy meandering stream, and merrily pondered
 With inward sense of joy, deep, undepried -
 A feeling silent as the slumbering wind,
 Which by low-breathing breezes told that soul
 Was not extinct - so burst my joy - my blind -
 For some short space my fixed eye could not
 Strain the heavenly scene. Sure Paradise
 Did not never glow more richly to the eyes,
 Did never pour into the enraptured ear
 Louder, softer, sweeter melodies -
 The water's music was the voice of Fear,
 That hope-born Fear which whispers to the win.

seems
 faint
 which is
 bad English

XVIII

Sidmouth Beach - A Night Scene -

Girt with her silver Zone of light, the Moon
 Seemed "pale with thought", and moved on silently,
 And thinly - scattered stars did stud the sky. -
 All, all was hushed: The air intently listened
 To ocean's waves; and as they curled their heads,
 And breaking spread their snow-white robes of foam
 Upon the silent sands, methought the Moon
 Put forth her beams, lightning with joy, to find
 So still, so delicate a resting place:
 And as a Mother greets her infant's smiles
 With fondler kisses that it is her own;
 Thus shone the Moon enshrined on the foam
 Of her own tides. - I walked on the Sea-shore; -
 My ~~large~~ mind reposed with thought upon the scene.

Tuesday Night 11 o'clock
 March 21 - 1845

only

Written in Commemoration of a walk to the
Beach at Slade by Fanny, Maria & D.

We stood upon the shore, and heard the winds
And tossing waves in mad contention. Wildness,
With her dishevelled tresses, shrieked aloud,
And vehemently called on pitying heaven
To calm the fever burning in her breast.
The sea raged on in mockery. - The clouds,
So large, so black, seemed banners of the winds,
And waved in bold defiance o'er the scene.
Above the whole towered grandeur, and sublime
Imaginations, mixed with feelings deep,
Enlarged our souls. The light ofapture broke
In frequent flashes from our eyes. Oh God!
In storm how great, how audible thy voice -
How sweet its Echo in still Memory's ear!

Thursday Evening
March 23 - 1815

The End

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Sarah Leigh

The Recollections of the Heart

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